The Ghost Goth's Servant

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After her encounter with Kuma, Mihawk is allowing Perona to stay on his island. However, she still has no servants. Until one day, when a little boy who is an expert at cooking and cleaning falls on her head. She's too delighted to question it. He's adorable, hard working, sweet...The perfect servant! But then she learns how he got these skills in the first place...

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Introduction

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Perona, the former Wild Zombies and Surprise Zombies Commander of Thriller Bark and known as the Ghost princess, signed in irritation as she attempted to make pancakes for breakfast. After trying to escape Thriller Park by using the Straw Hat Pirate's, Perona was confronted by Kuma who sent her to this castle after he asked her a few questions. Luckily for her, the island and the castle on it was owned by Dracule Mihawk, who allowed her to stay in the castle. Since he regularly has supplies delivered to the castle in case he returns, Perona didn't have to worry about starving.

Unfortunately, she has to cook her own meals because she doesn't have any servants to order around and it really shows with the fact that her Gothic Lolita style clothing was peppered with flower powder and batter.

"Ugh! This is so hard!" Perona complained loudly as she picked the mixing bowl that had the pancake batter and attempted to get to the stove, only to slip on some batter that she managed to spill on the floor. Pink haired girl yelled as she fell to the ground, accidentally tossing the bowl upwards as she fell on her face. As she was about to get up, she bowl of batter landed on her head, covering her hair, crown, and face with pancake mix.

Everything was silent before Perona started to shake in rage. Before long, the silent castle was shaken by the rage filled screams of the Ghost Princess.

"AAAAAAGH! I hate this!" Perona yelled as she ripped the bowl off her head and threw it a the wall, causing it to break into pieces. "Stupid Kuma! Sending me here with no servants...I CAN'T DO THIS MYSELF, I NEED HELP!" Persona took a break from her angry rant to grab a towel to wipe the batter off her head. "I need to find some servants! WHERE ARE ALL THE SERVANTS?!"

At that moment, Perona heard a bizarre noise above her and looked up, only for something to fall on her face. Perona was knocked flat on her butt as she hissed in pain and rubbed the sore spot on her head.

"HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?!" Perona yelled as she tried to look for what hit her, freezing in place when she noticed a small boy with black hair and clothes that were to big for him curled up in a ball near the stove. The boy felt her stared and whimpers as he tried to make himself look small.

The pink haired Lolita raised an eye at the boy before standing up and walking towards him, picking him up when she was close enough and examined him closely. "...Say something." Perona ordered the small frightened child.

"I'm...I'm sorry." Harry said in a small voice. Perona's eyes lit up at the child's adorable voice. "EEEEEEE! YOU'RE PERFECT!" Perona screeched and hugged him, making the boy flinch at the unfamiliar touch and her loudness. "But where'd you come from?"

"I'm sorry...I'm really sorry...I did it again...The freaky stuff..." The frightened child frantically apologized.

Perona gave him a questioning look as she continued to hold him. "Freaky stuff? Huh? Do you have a...devil fruit power or something? I have one too, so you're not special in that regards." Perona answered.

"Sorry..." Harry squeaked. Perona put her hands on her hips and smirked.

"I forgive you." She frowned. He was small. "Can you...work?"

"U-Uh-huh..." He replied. Perona noted his little stutter made him even cuter.

"Great." Person said with a big smile. "Can you cook?"

"Y-yes." Harry told her, darkly remembering how he was forced to cook for his so called family and was beat to an inch of his life when he made any mistakes.

Perona felt like the heavens themselves has delivered her savior to her as angelic music played in her head. "Thank goodness! I can't cook to save my life! Make me some pancakes, kay?" Perona told him as she gestured towards the stove.

"O-okay ma'am." Harry immediately replied before getting to work, scared that she would start hitting him if he didn't.

Perona clapped her hands gleefully and floated to her chair. "Oooh, finally, a meal!" She exclaimed gleefully. "I get to eat something good!" Harry knew he had to do good. She had to stay happy... He was scared and confused and nervous...But he would do his best.

Taking a deep breath, Harry started gathering the ingredients and needed utensils to make pancakes, having already made it enough times to know the directions like the back of his hands.

Perona leaned forward on her hands, watching him closely so he didn't get hurt. She didn't want any scars messing up her perfect little servant.

As she watched him cook, she couldn't help but marvel at how much better he was at making pancakes then she was. The thought of how much of a bad time she had not that long ago reminded her that her clothes were still a mess and she needed to get changed into a new outfit.

"I'll be right back." She told him, floating out of the chair. "Don't hurt yourself." Harry watched after her, his eyes widened when he saw her float.

'H-How is she floating?!' Harry thought to himself. 'Does she have the same f-freakiness that I have?'

Harry was so preoccupied with his thoughts that he almost didn't notice the smell of burning coming from the pancakes that he was cooking on the stove.

He gasped and flipped the pancake quickly, taking a deep breath to calm himself and keep from panicking. He almost burned the food!

And if he burned the food then the pink haired lady would be angry and hurt him. Those thoughts spurred him to concentrate on cooking instead of thinking about what he saw the lady do.

By the time that Perona reentered the room, in a new outfit, Harry the placing the last pancake on a plate.

Perona floated over and studied them. "Hmm...Not bad for a new slave! Little overcooked though..."

Harry felt fear coursing through him. "!-!'m sorry!" Harry stuttered out.

Perona blinked. "It's fine. Just a LITTLE burnt. You can learn from this, or...something."

This calmed Harry down, but he still felt apprehensive. "So, I-I'm not going to be hit?" Harry asked her in a barely audible voice.

Perona frowned. "No way! That would mess up your cute little face!" She exclaimed. She NEVER hit her servants unless they were stuffed animals.

"R-really?" Harry asked her in a hopeful tone.

"Oh, totally!" Perona exclaimed. "I'd NEVER hit you!"

Harry couldn't help feel happy to the point of tears, but held it in because of the rule that was literally beaten into his head by his uncle. Do not cry. So wordlessly, Harry took the plate of pancakes and set it on the table for Perona.

"Thank you~!" She sang cheerfully. "Since you did a good job, I suppose I can let you have some as well."

Harry tilted his head in confusion, making Perona mentally scree in her head. "But...freaks like me don't get to eat people food." Harry told her.

Perona's mental squee was immediately dropped. "...Come again?" She said, tilting her own head.

Harry froze. "I-I'm a freak and...and I don't deserve anything else but food fit for a filthy animal." Harry quietly told her, quoting what his uncle always told him.

Perona's eyes narrowed. "Oh really? Who told you something that stupid?"

Her question caused Harry to panic, knowing that if his uncle found out, he was as good as dead. "I...I...I!" Harry sputtered, unable to form any words as he shook as if death itself was loaming over him.

Perona grew uneasy. "Okay, okay, never mind! It's fine!"

It took him a minute, but he eventually managed to calm down. He didn't want to panic. He would end up bothering her.

Satisfied that the young boy isn't panicking anymore, Perona sat down on a chair and pats the seat next to her. Getting the hint, Harry slowly approaches and climbs onto the seat.

Perona handed him three of the eight pancakes he had made. "There. That'll be more than enough. I'm feeling generous today." She said with a smile.

Harry watched as she lowered the pancakes in front of him. He stares that them for a moment before looking back at Perona with a frown. "A-are you sure it's okay?" Harry asked her with an unsure tone.

"Yeah, I'm sure. I'm never NOT sure." Perona replied. "Eat. I want a little plump belly on you to make you even cuter."

Harry blushed. I'm n-not cute." Harry mumbles sadly. "I-I'm ugly."

"Stop it." Perona said, crossing her arms. "Don't say stupid things anymore."

"W-what?" Harry asked her, clearly confused.

"I'm saying stop saying you're stupid or ugly or freaky or whatever. It's wrong, so stop it. It's starting to bug me."

"O-Okay ma'am." Harry politely said, not wanting to bother her with it anymore, even though in his mind it's all the truth. Smiling at his compliance, Perona turns towards the five cakes in front of her and gleefully starts munching on them, humming in delight at how good they are.

"Wow, you're a good cook!" She complimented. "Why do you have to be so good and make me look so bad, hmm?" Anyone else would have seen that she was clearly joking. Unfortunately, Harry didn't realize that she was joking.

"I-I'm so sorry!" Harry quickly apologized.

Perona groaned and face palmed at his reaction.

"I was joking." Perona deadpanned, placing her hand on his head. He flinched at the contact and Perona frowned. What was WITH this kid? He seem to have some major self-esteem issues and becomes very nervous easily. If Perona didn't know any better, she would have that he was-. Perona eyes widened slightly in realization.

"Oh no." She mouthed to herself, turning away from him. 'Geez...How do I deal with this?!' Harry watched in confusion and worry while Perona was lost in thought.

'What do I do...?' She thought, forcing herself to calm down. She then turned around and flashed an awkward smile towards Harry.

"Uh...There there...?" She said, patting his head unsurely.

Never having any affectionate contact for as long as he could remember, Harry couldn't help but tense at the constant patting, thinking that it will quickly become more painful. But after a few moments of continued petting, Harry was confused at how nice it felt.

Perona saw she was making progress with him. 'YES!' She cheered internally. Within a span of minutes Harry was like putty in her hands, soaking up her gentle touch. But all too soon, Perona had to take her hand away, much to Harry's disappointment.

"We should finish eating, then I can show you the castle." Perona planned. You can't really have a servant to got lost a lot not can you?

Harry nodded obediently but internally felt crestfallen. It was a big castle...There were a lot of rooms...SOOO much to clean...

After they ate their breakfast, Perona took Harry by the hand and guided him out of the kitchen.

She began the grand tour at her room and ended it at the foyer of the castle. When she asked him if he memorized the layout Harry nodded.

"Alright, if you don't remember where a specific room is, just come to me and I'll show you again. Okay?" Perona told him.

Harry nodded. He had already memorized most of it, he thought. But it was good to know he was allowed to ask.

"Alright then, I'll be in my room." Perona told him as she started to float. "Why don't you get started cleaning this floor then make your way to the higher floor?"

Harry nodded. "Um...Where's the cleaning stuff again...?" He asked tentatively.

Perona immediately pointed down a corridor. "Go through that corridor until you've reached the third door to the left. That's where the mops and brooms are." Perona answered before smiling. "If your cleaning is as good as your cooking, then I have no doubt that your going to do a wonderful job."

Harry blushed at the praise and smiled softly. "You mean it...?" He squeaked.

"I do." Perona said, mentally thinking about how cute Harry's blush and squeak was.

"So, let's see how good you are at getting it done!" She chirped. "Later!"

Perona floated away and headed to her room, leaving Harry alone on the first floor. Once she was gone he sighed shakily, dreading the days of cleaning ahead of him.